Home Treatment.

[From Life.]

Mrs. Selby-Doctah, de chile dun gone swalle

Easily Mended.

Pensonlly High.

e doctah say, sah, he temp'atuah a hun'erd and

A Nice House.

[From the Cartoon.]

"My honse is built of stone taken from

A Chance for Missionaries.

[From the Boston Transcript.]
The church on the little island of Atufa, in the

South Seas, includes all the adults on the island.

That church should send missionaries to some of our American cities, where they would fine Atufa set than they have at home.

Where the Expense Comes In.

cents."
That may be true, sir, but we have to keep three clerks to wait on the lady shoppers, and we must get our money back some way."

True Ferver.

(From the Philadelphia Record.)
Good Minister—The fervor with which you

Sweetness and Light.

Palisades along the Hudson."

" Is it, indeed?"
"Yes, how do you like it?"
"I think it's very gneiss."

r pint ob ink.

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 17.

(Including Postage,)

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION

VOL. 29.....NO. 9,981 Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class

## "TWO TO ONE!"

The SUNDAY WORLD'S Record for the Last Twelve Sundays.

PRINTED 255,030 Copies PRINTED 255,040 Copies OCT. PRINTED 257,860 Copies PRINTED 258,990 Copies .. PRINTED 260,030 Copies PRINTED 272.880 Copies ... PRINTED 271,680 Copies. PRINTED 266, 190 Coules PRINTED 262,485 Copies PRINTED 260.380 Copies PRINTED 263,150 Copies.

THE SUNDAY WORLD Has DOUBLE the CIR-CULATION of any other Sunday newspaper in Europe or America And the Circulation Books and Newsdealers' Orders are "OPEN TO ALL."

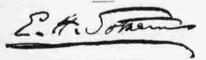
#### WORLDLINGS.

The mummified remains of Santa Tonga, or "Big Heart," one of the old chiefs of the Utes, are in a cave near old Fort Caspar, in Wyoming. The most successful song writer of the day is said to be Will S. Hays, who has for many years been the river editor of a Louisville newspaper. He first became popularly known from his Write Me a Letter from Home."

Sir Edward Clarke, the present Attorney-General of England, began life as a clerk in his father's grocery store in London. He then entered the civil service, but left it to study law.

A St. Louis sportsman recently procured in Oregon a trophy that is one of the greatest cu riosities of its kind in the world. It consists of a large and perfect pair of caribou antlers which are entirely covered with a fine, close growth of

OUR AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.



# Young, but with a Long Memory. [From the Rochester Herald.]

The New York Evening World recalls the day of Aug. 2, 1877, when A. A. Selover slapped Jay Gould's face on New street and then too him by the collar and dropped him over an iron railing to the bottom of an area ten feet deep.

### HIS MATRIMONIAL FAILURE.

Sweet Lucy was dainty, Sweet Lucy was fair: She'd a face like a lily and chestnut brown hair While the charm that for years I'd been striving

She also possessed—I refer to her mind. If you think we talked nonsense, your error is

Each night when I called (and I always stayed

The poets from Shakespeare to Byron and Gray We discussed with a zest, in terms soher yet gay. Into Carlyle we dipped and on Emerson dwelt, While Ruskin the light of our intellect felt;

The theory of Darwin we even assailed; If he thought to affright us he signally failed. Sweet Lucy's ideas were extremely "advanced," But this, in my eyes, her attraction enhanced: Such passion as love she distinctly deplored, And vowed if I "spooned" she'd be horribly

She thought that most marriages failed from the That love obscured reason and blunted our tact,

bored:

Years have sped by since those amorous days,

A mist is before them, a deadening haze, I wander alone 'neath the darkening sky, And think of sweet Lucy and times long gone

My wife's just been talking-Great Scott! She can talk!-On the subject of dinner, of mutton, of pork.

The cutsine's her forte, and that prosaic ques-Is to her one of joy. I say "Hang her diges

Of breakfasts and dinners I'm heartily tired,

The gourmand's a creature I never admired.

But she laughs at my "soul" till in sheer selfdefense
I leave her alone with her sickening sense.

She wants to know who'll pay the green-grocer bill.

And asserts that his dunning is making her ill; She pities the butcher; for me she feels scorn; I hear the same story from midnight till morn. We're sadly missmated, of that I'm quite sure; But there's nothing to do but to grin and en-

I think of sweet Lucy in earlier life. And end with a eigh. Sweet Lucy's my wifet

He Was About Right.



Man-with-no-joy (who has found a box of signrettes)-Umph! Pale face pemmican heap no

# CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS.

Lots of Pathetic Little Socks That Need Filling.

Brighten Your Own Christmas by Brightening That of Some Poor Child.

Send "The Evening World" Your Address and We Will Investigate and Recommend a Good Case to Your Charlty-Or Send Us a Bill of Any Denomination and We Will Put It Where It Will Do the Most Good on Christmas Morn-Responses Favoring the Idea Brought by the Morning Mail.

" Count Me in for a Christmas Package."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I like your idea of "widening even by t little the circle of charity at the Christmastide," and you may count me in for one Christmas package for the poor children.

Please Send Along the Money.

Shall be glad to assist in the worthy work of filling some of the empty Christmas stockings. But, if you investigate the cases, why can you not also deliver my package? I will send you a bill for the purpose to-morrow if you will agree to do so. Miss S. R.,
Madison avenue.

Those Pathetic Little Stockings.

to the Editor of The Evening World : Of course it would be impossible in so large a city to fill a tithe of the thousands and thousands of pathetic little empty stockings on Christmas morning. But I agree with you that even a little good is worthy of accomplishment. I will help. But please do not publish my name.

He Will Fill Two.

to the Editor of The Evening World: I will contribute to filling two Christmas stockings. Please send me two good cases, after due investigation.

A Good Receipt.

to the Editor of The Evening World :

You suggest the best receipt for a happy Christmas. Make some little child's heart dance for joy, and your own will be full of happiness also.

GEORGE WESTER, Hoboken, N. J.

### THINKS CIVILIZATION A FAILURE.

Alfred M. Smith, a Vegetarian, Goes to Brazil to Live on Nuts and Berrics.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE EVENING WORLD. Boston, Dec. 15 .- Alfred M. Smith, who sailed a short time ago from New York on the steamer Advance for Para, Brazil, is one of those original and interesting characters who stand on the thin line that divides the genius from the crank. Although Alfred sometimes displayed the

qualities of a crank, yet he was in many ways genius. He has gone to Brazil because he thinks civilization is a failure, and because, being a vegetarian, be can live on nuts and berries without being obliged to work.

Alfred Smith has been living for the last two years down at Pondville, a thriving and beautiful hamlet composed of a blacksmith shop, a schoolhouse and five dwellinghouses, lying between two hills in the ex treme southeastern corner of the town of

It is called Pondville because there is no pond anywhere in the vicinity. Alfred came here in 1886 on foot, with no baggage, but with \$65.19 in his pocket. No one knew whence he came, and Alfred kept his past life a secret until just before his departure last week, when he unbosomed himself to

wrentham lady.

Alfred had advanced ideas on diet. His
cornmeal he took uncooked because he
argued man in his primitive state never ate cooked food, and the more nearly we live in conformity to nature the more natural we are, of course, and the more healthy. Two hours after eating the raw meal Alfred always drank a teacupful of cold water. It helped digestion and slaked his thirst at the same

direction and slaked his thirst at the same time.

It has been fifteen years since he tasted meat or animal food in any form. He did not go out very much in Pondville society, but he possessed qualities of mind that would have enabled him to shine in the literary coterie of Pondville or of any other place.

His language was almost painfully grammatical, and his pronunciation was as correct as that of any Harvard professor. He often remonstrated with the Pondville children for saying "Was you" or "'Ain't" or "Hoss and team" or "I'd ruther," and he was an uncompromising enemy of all slang.

Alfred's best hold, however, was in wrestling with the problems of our social life. He had a little scheme of his own for doing away with all social ills. It was to found an antimarriage community down in Texas, where all the members should have everything in common and live together in peace and love—especially love.

especially love.

He tried to enlist the sympathies of the Pondville citizens in this cause, but met with no success in his persistent efforts.

A few of the representative citizens got together one afternoon in the blacksmith shop to see what could be done to prevent the foundations of society from being overturned by Alfred's dangerous doctrines. They deliberated a while, and finally concluded to get rid of Alfred if possible. One of them hustled around and found a wealthy resident who would take Alfred's cottage, and then went and offered the reformer \$50 for it.

Alfred accepted the offer because he saw how impossible it was to convert Pondville to his ideas and because he thought he could pick up nuts with the squirrels in Brazil and not have the trouble of gardening.

Alfred is forty-two years old and was born in Wisconsin, where his parents, who are quite wealthy, still reside.

One of his brothers is a well-to-do merchant in a town of Western Massachusetts. Alfred went to Beloit College, in Wisconsin, four years until he was graduated with honors. especially love.

He tried to enlist the sympathies of the

### Among the Workers.

General Master Workman Powderly is expected uthis city to-morrow and will address the sur-ace railroad men Ch. D. A. 236) in the evening a Cooper Union Hali. The Freedom Labor Club of carpet workers, which has persistently endeavored to get into the Central Labor Union, was rejected again yesterday. Its members are Knights of Labor and have kept been out of Higgins's factory by the Frogressive Carpet-Workers Union.

The Skylight and Cornice Makers' Union will have to wait another week before it can get into the Central Labor Union. The Tin and Sheet-Iron Workers' Union oppose its admission.

Iron Workers' Union oppose its admission.

The Anti-Home Clubbers of D. A. 49 have called a meeting for next Sunday to organize under the plan of the new Industrial League.

The Brewery Employees' Association report that Rohler & Co., ale brewers, in East Twentyninth street, have demanded of their men that they must not attend the union meetings nor encourage the Stevenson boycott on pain of diamissal. A Central Labor Union committee will call on the firm.

Secretary Bohm. of the Central Labor Union, will endeavor to find out upon what terms American organizations can be represented in the Labor Congress to be held at Paris.

### JOHN DOREMUS MUST DIE. IN THE HAUNTS OF MIRTH.

HE WILL BE HANGED AT HACKENSACK ALONG THE SPRIGHTLY LANES IN THE ON WEDNESDAY. LAND OF THE HUMORISTS.

Thus He Will Explate the Crime of Murdering His Own Son-The Boy Stepped to His Mother's Rescue and Was Stubbed to the Heart by His Father-Prompt Justice to Overtake the Murderer.

John Myers Doremus is to die on the gallows Wednesday at Hackensack, N. J., and Sheriff Demarest, of Bergen County, has placed the death watch over the doomed

The Court of Pardons of New Jersey was appealed to, but having made a thorough investigation of the case, refused to interfere, and Gov. Green alone has no power to stay the hand of instice. Doremus must expiate the foul murder of his only son by yielding up his own life.

Doremus is past middle age. He was quiet man ordinarily, but when in liquor he was violent and abusive.

At 7 o'clock on the evening of June 7 last he came home to his supper considerably the worse for liquor. He was quarrelsome, and after some growling grabbed a pitcher of water from the table and dashed the contents

on Mrs. Doremus.
At this, Jacob, Doremus's twenty-year-old son, started up indignantly and interfered.

"Here, father, we have had too much of
this. I won't stand it any longer," exclaimed
the boy, stepping in between his father and Doremus the elder became infuriated at

this, and springing to his feet, he seized a carving knife from the table, rusned upon the lad and plunged the knife-blade in his left breast. The boy staggered out of the house, but here up his hands and fell dead in the door-

He had been stabbed to the heart, the He had been stabbed to the heart, the knife dividing that organ.

The crazed father was arrested shortly after, and his trial occurred at Hackensack last month. He had been heard to threaten the life of Jacob before, and he was speedily convicted. The murdered boy was a quiet, industrious youth, and did much towards the maintenance of his mother.

During his confinement and since his conciction largemy has been moreose and sullenged.

viction Doremus has been morose and sullen, refusing to see a spiritual adviser. But he has at last concluded that his race is run, and he has sent for three ministers of the gospel. one from Hackensack and two from Engle

wood.
Deputy Sheriffs Harrison and Herring form the death watch.

A Holiday Furniture Emporium. At the furniture emporium of Messrs. J. & S Baumann, Forty-sixth street and Eighth avenue is di played a large variety of goods particularly calculated to suit the fancy of holiday shoppers. Tables and artistically designed chairs, pier glasses, cheval glasses, chairs frilled chairs, pier glasses, cheval glasses, chairs trilied and sprayed with gold and gilt, enamelled fur-niture, with oxidized trimmings, crowd the store in bewildering profusion. They have an emilless array of parlor suits at all prices, and complete lines of carpetings, oil paintings and engravings. Folding-beds, fancy desks of all makes, rugs and willow ware are among the articles of interest. Throughout the holiday season all goods will be sold at a reduction of 20 per cent.

### All Horts of Girls.

There's the tender girl, And the elender girl, And the girl that says her prayers; There's the haughty girl, And the naughty girl, And the girl that puts on airs,

There's the tolu girl,
And the 'fool you' girl,
And the girl that bets on the races;
There's the candy girl,
And the handy girl,
And the girl that has two faces.

There's the well-bred girl And the well-read girl, And the girl with a sense of duty; There's the dainty girl, And the "fainty" girl, And the girl that has no beauty.

There are many others,
O men and brothers,
Than are named in this narration;
There are girls and girls,
And they're all of them pearls,
They're the best thing in creation.

Has the "L" Road Any Responsibility?

Is there nothing in the charter of the "L

roads to compel something like a fair equivalent

for the price paid for a ride? As the matter now

stands they seem to assume no responsibility whatever as to the comfort, safety or convenience

of passengers. A confiding passenger starts at his usual time (making a fair allowance for pos-

Vogel Brothers' Holiday Display.

Eighth avenue, have turned their immense alesrooms into a vast holiday bazaar. Men's,

youths' and boys' clothing of finest materials,

Presidents in Retirement.

Upon the retirement of the President and

Mrs. Cleveland there will be but two ex-Pres-

idents-Hayes and Cleveland-and five wives

of ex-Presidents-the second Mrs. Tyler, Mrs.

Polk, Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Garfield and Mrs.

Cleveland—and three presiding ladies—Mrs. Cleveland—and three presiding ladies—Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston, Mrs. Mary Arthur McElroy and Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland. There are other ladies who enjoyed the honors of assisting, as Mrs. Senator Patterson and Mrs. Stover, the daughter of President Johnson.

Prom the Philadelphia Tiv

the Editor of The Evening World:

illy. New York, Dec. 15.

There's the lazy girl And the girl that's a merry joker:
There's the girl that's shy,
And the girl that's shy,
And the girl that's ly,
And the girl that's ly,
And the girl that bluffs at poker,

[From the Epoch. ] Young Countryman (to girl in confectioner's) [ Prom the Louisville ' Courier-Journal. ] -Have you got any of them, what they call There's the pretty girl,
And the witty girl,
And the girl that bangs her hair;
The girl that's a firt,
And the girl that is pert,
And the girl with the baby stare, kisses, them small puffy things filled with wind?
Girl—Yes, sir, we have the French meringue and the Amélie Rives.
Young Countryman—I guess I'll take the Amélie Rives. I've heerd suthin' about her kisses and they say she males, good, ones. There's the dewdy girl,
And the rowdy girl,
And the girl that is always late;
There's the girl of style,
And the girl of wile,
And the girl with the mineing gait,

Where to Look for It.

"Mr. Dusenberry, I can't see anything about the shipwreck which happened in the paper."
"Look under the head of 'Marine Intelli-

gence, 'my dear."

'It isn't there."

'Then look under 'Marine Stupidity,'"

'There isn't such a heading."

'Then there ought to be, my dear. No 'intelligent collision ever happened."

Sudden Changes Liable. [From the Epoch.]

Young Corkfitsroy hastily seeks a cab on his return from Europe and is driven rapidly to his

Now, James," he remarks to his valet, "vou telephone to my haberdasher and my tailor that they must come to me at once. Gracious, I have been on the ocean fiftern days—blahst the beastly weather! and I don't know what changes was bays taken there in the rashign.

#### Sickness Unheard Of. [From Time. ]

Prospective Real Estate Buyer-How is your own for health?

Western Real Estate Agent-Splendid! Superb I tell you what there is not another town in the world that will compare with this for health.

'I notice you have a large cemetery."

'Yes, but none of 'em died natural deaths.

They were mostly shot, hung or pisoned. No, sir; no sickness here. Why, it is a regular health resort!"

A Romance of the Stage.

Arabella McGee and Miss Margaret Flynn
Were society belles in the city.
They went on the stage, unbeknown to their
friends,
In very brief skirts. What a pity!

Mr. Richard McGuire and O'Connor MacDuff, Were swells of the very first water. They also adopted the stage and a dress Exposing more shape than they ought-ter. sible delay) and is treated with the utmost indif-Now the men and the maidens had promised to

wed,
And each in the other one trusted,
They met on the stage and the happy dream Four hearts and two weddings were busted.

Mrs. Cleveland's Sorrels. [Washington Special to St. Louis Republic.]
Much has been written about the team of

sible delay) and is treated with the utmost indifference as regards his rights to do anything except pay his fare and deposit a ticket in the box at the gate.

This morning an unaccountable, unexplained and apparently unreasonable delay occurred on the Third avenue "L" of about twenty minutes. Now, to the company this may be a small matter, but to the hundreds of working people anxious to get at their duties on time, and in many cases subject to fines ranging from 10 cents to half a day's pay, according to the liberality or parsimony of their respective employers, this is a matter of some interest.

The managers or superintendents of factories, shops and mercantile houses (for even some of these latter compel their employees to forfeit as much as half a day's pay for fifteen minutes' lateness) think that the fact of the lateness being caused by the negligence of the service offered by these roads is no reasonable excuse.

Are the people to be compelled to submit to this sort of thing much longer? It is impossible for all to live in the immediate vicinity of their employment, neither should such a thing be necessary, even if it were desirable. Respectfully.

New York, Dec. 15. sorrel horses which Mrs. Cleveland and her mother drive nearly every time they come into town, but it is not generally known that these mares are mother and daughter. The team was purchased in Virginia and is perfectly matched. Horse fanciers would not call them a desirable pair, as they each have three white feet and blazed faces. This is always a sign of inferiority, though horses with only one white foot are not so objectionable among the horse dealers. Animals with all four feet white, or with three out of four white, are as a rule considered likely to last only a few years for service, and they do not bring anything like the prices paid for those which have all black feet. However, the Oak View sorrels are as gentle as kittens, they are pretty good movers and the mistress of the White House and her mother can drive them with absolute safety to the pretty park phaeton which they have used for the last six months. town, but it is not generally known that these Vogel Bros., at Forty-second street and exquisitely cut and at prices even lower than exquisitely cut and at prices even lower than heretofore crowd the counters. Then there are silver-mounted canes and umbrellas of many unique designs at attractively low prices. Their gentlemen's furnishing and hat departments contain many novelties. A special feature is made of scal goods at excessively low rates. Their shoe department includes a special laddies parlor. This firm has a very large assortment of cape overcoats of the styles in vogue at present.

# Last Winter

I was troubled so badly with rheumatism in my right shoulder and joints of my log as not to be at le to walk. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now I don't feel any aches or pains anywhere, and it not only stopped the oreness in my shoulder and joints, but makes me feel

as lively as a ten-year-old boy. I sell newspapers right in
THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET
every day in the year, and have been doing so for 5
years, and standing on the cold stones sin't no pionic, I
can tell you. And if Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me it
certainly ought to be good for those people who don't
stand on the cold stones. I can be seen every day in the stand on the cold stones. I can be seen every day in the year at corner Tompkins and De Kaib Avenues. WILL-IAM W. HOWARD, Brooklyn, N. Y. N. B. -- Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1: six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apotheoaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR TALK IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

It appears that the first thing Jake Rilrain said to the Pittsburg reporters when his train stopped at the Smoky City on its way to Chicago was: "Have you heard anything from New York to-day about my backers?" On being answered in the negative. Jake explained that he had made arrangements to have Sullivan's forfeit covered at the Clipper office. This testifies to the truth of the opinion that is gaining ground that Kirrain himself wants to fight, and is anxions to have Sullivan's challenge accepted in the way it stands, but is held back by force of circumstances. It seems also true that Jake feels chagrined at the delay in posting the \$5,000.

It has always been the rule of the Clipper office to refuse written receipts for forfeit money
accompanying a challenge. Should the Clipper
give a written receipt it would lay itself liable to
a smit for the receipt it would lay itself liable to
a smit for the receipt it would lay itself liable to
final stakeholder. It has not held final stakes
since Sam Collyer recevered a judgment for
money so held in his match with Billy Edwards,
about thirteen years ago. On the day the final
deposit with the Clipper was to have been made
Collyer was away, and sent his money by express. Through no fault of his it did not arrive
in the time stipulated in the terms of agreement.
The stakes were awarded to Edwards, and Collyer began suit and recovered judgment. 1 -1 -1 yer began suit and recovered judgment.

In a letter which Jimmy Wakely has received from Sullivan, the big fellow says he has just learned that Kilrain and Mitchell have engage-ments made to show themselves around for five months hence. "In that case," writes John, "I am afraid Kilrain will not fight me, for he will not break into his show business to train, and it will take him some time to get himself into condi-tion to meet me." Doctor-Hab yo' dun ennyding fo' de relieffob

Mrs. Selby-I'se dun made im est free sheet ob blottin'-paper, doctah. Was dat rite? Jim Keenan, of Boston, is expected in town this week to look over the difficulties in the Kilrain-Sullivan matter. Mr. Keenan denies that he is Kilrain's backer, but says the money for the fight may pass through his hands. He thinks Kilrain the better man of the two and would like a part of the risk in backing him, though not all of it.

John L. Sullivan and Gns Hill will be floor managers at a ball to be given to the theatrical profession Christmas Eve at Sulzer's Hall, in Harlem. [From the Binghauton Republican.]
Little Bessie dropped an armful of playthings. Did you break anything ?" asked the mother.

"Nothing only the quiet," she replied. " and that's mended already." 'Hubbard, how's the Colonel to-day?" "W (\*)

Jim O'Rourke has been in town since Saturday and has given his word to President Day that he will sign with the New Yorks again.

The American Association is again after John Kelly for an unpire, but he has not made up his mind what he will do. If John decides not to go with the League or Association next year he will stay here to attend to his new business the greater share of the time, but may try his hand occasionally with the Intercollegiate Association.

The six-round glove contest between Jack Mc-Aulifie and Sam Collyer takes place to-night in Palace Hall, Grand street, Williamsburg. The event will be especially interesting in view of McAulifie's coming battles with Hyams and Myers.

Ed Mallahan thinks Jake Hyams a better man with his fists than Billy Myers, and thinks he will give McAuliffe a tussle when they meet, Dec. 26, to do ten rounds.

"I don't see why you can't get tich. You sell a mainspring for \$1.50 that only costs you 10

The annual boxing tournament of the Scottish-American Club of Jersey City and the annual winter games of the Twelfth Regiment occur this evening.

THE ROLL OF MERIT.

Another List of Boys and Girls Who Stood First in Their Classes.

Owing to unusual pressure upon our space on Saturday, the names of the best scholars in loined in the hymn "I want to be an angel" deeight grammar school primary departments lighted me.
Little Dick—Yessir; the teacher told me there wasn't any preachin' an' prayin' an' catachism lessons in heaven. were omitted from the Roll of Merit. They are were omitted from the Roll of Merit. They are given below:

No. 72.—Class 1—Emily Rumelin, 312 E. 104th st., Alice Willia, 117 E. 108th st., Nettle Seide, 1954; 3d ave. Class B—Ellen Hurley, 211 E. 102d st.; Viola Well, 252 E. 105th st., Jennie Cohen, 1842; 3d ave. Class C—Emma Erickson, 409 E. 106th st.; Frances Plater, 450 E. 104th st.; Katle Doherty, 1885; 1st ave. No. 73.—Class B—Morris Leonhardt, 383; Grand Welmer, Class B—Morris Leonhardt, 383; Grand Schen, 14 Hiyasin, 49; Forsyth st. Class C—Abram Sken, 74 Hiyasin, 49; Forsyth st., Class C—Abram Sken, 74; Hiyasin, 50; Forsyth st., 18ac Schwartz, 44; Noth st.; Ed Weldt, 315 S3d st., Isa

Step 10.08 Ave B. Fred Schmitt, 404 E. S2d at.; Wm. Sheridan, 440 E. S8th at. Class Al-Sarah Herdling, 1729 Jatave.

1729 Jatave.

1729 Jatave.

1729 Jatave.

1729 Jatave.

1720 Jatave.

1720 Jatave.

1720 Jatave.

1721 Jatave.

1721 Jatave.

1721 Jatave.

1721 Jatave.

1722 Jatave.

1723 Jatave.

1724 Jatave.

1724 Jatave.

1725 Jatave.

1725 Jatave.

1725 Jatave.

1726 Jatave.

1726 Jatave.

1727 Jatave.

1727 Jatave.

1727 Jatave.

1727 Jatave.

1728 Jatave.

1728 Jatave.

1728 Jatave.

1738 Jatave.

1748 Jatave.

1758 Jatave.

1758 Jatave.

1758 Jatave.

1758 Jatave

Fred Erb, 39 1st st. Class a Charles act Class 5—Lens Boltz, 26 2d ave; Carrie Walsh, 42 1st st.; Mary Lagonzinski, 39 1st st.; Willie Davis, 232 9th st. Class 1—Arthur Billups, 240 W. 37th st.; No. 80.—Class 1—Arthur Billups, 240 W. 37th st.; No. 80.—Class 1—Millie Weiss, 404 E. 75th st. Class B—Gussie Wetzel, 403 E. 70th st. Class C—Lottie Friedman, 307 E. 70th st.; Frank Horeisch, 492 E. 74th st. Class E—Henry Selz, 364 E. 72d st.; No. 83.—Class 1—Wille Kuebler, 246 E. 104th st.; James Armstrong, 163 E. 104th st.; Benjamin Mottam. 1701 Madison ave; Arthur Lederer, 117 E. 109th st.; Authony Barrett, 226 E. 100th st. Class 2—Poter Quinn, 220 E. 104th st. Solomon Biamenthal, 1874 3d ave; Willie Rosenbaum, 210 E. 104th st.; Bella McDonald, 397 9th ave; Madel Sipple, 507 W. 28th st.; Jennie Demarest, 397 9th ave. George Munring, 2053 2d ave.; Daniel Lyons, 1806 3d ave.; Willie Kummich, 216 E. 108th st. Gussie Schneider, 303 E. 104th st.; Arthur Van Vein, 186 E. 104th st.

He Wanted to Know the Breed.

Countryman (who has been served with as omelette au rhum, at the suggestion of the waiter)—I say, waiter, this is pretty slick, you'll tell me the name of the breed o' hen lays this kind o' egg I'll give you a quarter.

Mary Anderson's Female Admirers. [New York Letter to Washington Herald.]

I have said that it is the women who are especial admirers of Mary Anderson. After especial admirers of Mary Anderson. After the matinees at Palmer's Theatre hundreds of women—not scores, but hundreds—not young giris, but women of all ages, gather about the stage door to witness the passage of Miss Anderson across the sidewalk, about ten or twelve steps to her carriage. The most of them have been watching her through a two-hours and-a-half performance, yet they stand in this exposed street for a half to three-quarters of an hour longer for one passing glimpse of her. Why? Is it to admire her beauty? They have seen in Hermione and Perdita, the dual parts she plays, all the great beauty of face and person the lovely Kentuckian possesses. So it can't be that, Is it mere idle curiosity to see off the stage the idol they have been worshiping on it? Possibly. But I fancy that the general motive is to be found in the fact that most of those women have dreamed or still dream of a stage career, of course as great as hers, if not greater. The stage passion is one of the few passions which never dies in a woman's breast—they are always true to that love. But the sight is worth seeing, and if you are not ashamed to be seen idly watching these idle worshippers of the fair actress, and do not object to making part of the motley crew who make up the groups of men who watch the waiting women about the stage door, I advise you to look just once upon the seene. And after Miss Anderson's carriage has driven off and the women begin to disperse watch still to see the emboldened scum of men follow and accost and make with the foolish women acquaintances that leads no-body can tell where. the matinees at Palmer's Theatre hundred

PICKINGS BY REPORTERS.

WHAT HAPPENS FROM DAY TO DAY IN A GREAT CITY.

Her Secret Was Betrayed by an Impulsive Young Friend.

A Sixth avenue Elevated train was rolling uptown in a lazy way one sunny afternoon recently. The air without was cold and brac ing. Within the cars it was warm and com-

A young man of THE EVENING WORLD staff and a few middle-aged men and women had the last car all to themselves.
At Fourteenth street an exquisitely dressed

young lady got in.
She was a blonde heauty.
The men gianced at her rounded figure over their newspapers, and then winked knowingly at one another.

The ladies looked at her tenderly and sympathetically.
The Evenino World young man detected

The Evenno World young man detected what every one else did, and earnestly hoped that the brakeman would not "tumble."

The object of all this earnest attention seemed fully conscious of it. She blushed furiously and demurely folded her gloved hands across the long pocketbook in her lap. She looked at the floor, out of the window, every way, in fact, but at the people who were watching her.

At Twenty-eighth street a young girl with an armful of books got aboard, saw the first young lady, kissed her rapturously and exclaimed:

"Oh, Mamie, I am so glad to meet you. But, oh, dear! what is that wiggling inside your saeque?"

The last inquiry was accompanied by a little shriek. The blonde said "Hush-sh-sh!" but the brakeman had heard the shriek and turned to investigate.

turned to investigate.
The other passengers felt sorry for the

She was violating a cast-iron rule of the She was violating a cast-iron rule of the company by carrying a little pug dog concealed in the breast of her sealskin sacque. Its movements and efforts to get out had been noticed all the way uptown by the other passengers, but the young lady would probably have accomplished her journey in safety but for the inquisitive schoolgirl.

The latter had drawn the guard's attention to the fair culprit, and he told her she would have to get off at the next station, which she

have to get off at the next station, which she Rebuses Stamped on Pretty Holiday Match-

A silver match-box is a neat little present to give a friend, and to meet the demand for

imported a choice collection of fancy silver boxes which are as pretty to look at as they are unique. They are made to carry wax matches. Some are handsomely engraved, while others are enamelled. The latter bear some short sen-

enamelled. The latter bear some short sentence in rebus style, partly in letters and partly in pictures. The pictures are stamped in several colors which dazzle the eye.

Some of the phrases are here quoted. The words printed in italics are pictures on the boxes: "Don't Collar the lot," "Take your match from this," "You old Rake," "Don't be an Ass," "Good-by, Sweet Heart, Goodby," "Kindly hand me back," "It all ends in Smake," n Smoke A great many young clerks have bought these boxes for themselves and are having an endless amount of fun with their friends.

The Smile that He Longed For Came at Last.

He was a beautiful blond young man, and t was certainly a pretty sight to see him resign his seat to an attendant young woman who entered a Brooklyn-bound bridge car the

who entered a Brooklyn-bound bridge car the other evening.

The young woman thanked him for the seat and for a time all went well. The young woman gazed away at the Statue of Liberty, while the beautiful young man had a paper to read, which he did until the train renched the first tower, when he put the paper in his pocket and proceeded to set a trap for one of the young woman's smiles.

Success did not crown his efforts, however, and the train rolled into Brooklyn without the smile.

Now he was a determined young man. A certain twist of his mustache showed that, and when the young woman boarded a Seventh avenue car he followed her into it.

The car climbed the hill on Washington street, and the young man again essayed for the smile, this time with more boldness, for he attracted the attention of the conductor and the other passengers, who watched his efforts with a smile and showed an anxiety for something to happen.

At Fulton street it did happen. The car

for something to happen.

At Fulton street it did happen. The car stopped to take on more passengers, and a little bov who entered with his mother called out in his shrill tones to the would-be masher: "Hello, papa!"

Then the young lady did smile,

Homes for Homeless Little Ones. The Children's Aid Society, which has brought happiness to hundreds of thousands of poor and homeless little ones during its thirty-eight years homeless little ones during its thirty-eight years of charitable labor, makes an appeal for aid in its effort to care for a thousand or more who otherwise would go cold, hungry and naked during the merry Christmas-time. This is an appeal which in such a rich and prosperous city as New York and at this season of joy, prosperity and plenty should not go unheeded. It costs \$20 to provide a good home for one little wanderer, but the smallest sum which can be spared is acceptable. Donations should be sent to C. L. Brace, Secretary of the Society, 24 St. Mark's place.

Amelie Rives's Gorgeous Gown.

[From a New Fork Letter.]

Amelie Rives Chanler is having an evening dress made at an uptown dressmaker's at a cost of \$1,000 which is described by a lady who saw it as a "dream in scarlet and gold and lace."

TREES FOR SANTA CLAUS.

SEASONS PAST. Maine Furnishes the Best, the Berkshire Hills Come Next and Then the Adiron-

THEY'RE SCARCER THIS YEAR THAN IN THE

dacks and the Catskills-Tricks of the Dealers by Which One-Sided Trees Fill Out a Handsome Bunch One would hardly think, judging from the

stacks and bundles of evergreens that just now encumber the sidewalks in front of many of the city stores, that Christmas trees are scarcer this year than ever before.

Each year the task of finding good trees becomes more difficult, and prices show a corresponding increase.

The constantly advancing line of civilization, sweeping away the forests before it, is making it only a question of time when the Christmas tree will have to be especially raised in nurseries or else brought from great distances.

The best Christmas trees now come from

Maine. They are the tallest and healthiest trees in the market, and are chiefly balsam firs. Formerly a great many spruce firs were shipped to the city from Pennsylvania, but they have all been cut or burned away. After Maine the Adirondack region supplies

the largest number. Then come the Berkshire Hills, in Western Massachusetts, and, lastly, the Catskills.

Supplying cities with Christmas trees regular business. There are some dealers who, for the past thirty years, have occupied the same stands in this city, arriving the latter part of November with thousands of trees, and remaining till after New Year's.

They come from their homes in Maine, or even from the Canadian forests, perhaps, where they have had large gangs of men at work during October and November cutting

work during October and November cutting and baling the trees.

The method of collecting them is for each boss to have what is called a circuit, of about a hundred miles. Along this circuit he has scattered, at intervals of eight and ten miles, gaugs of about a dozen men. The men start out in the morning on different lines, radiating from the camp as a centre. They cut avery suitable for tree. something new, a Fulton street merchant has

on different lines, radisting from the camp as a centre. They cut every suitable fir tree in their path. Early in the afternoon they stop cutting and, retracing their steps, gather up the trees they have cut, bring them to camp and tie them into bundles.

The trees are piled up in one enormous heap, to await the coming of the boss with his wagon trains as they make the rounds of the circuit at regular intervals. The wagons take the trees to the nearest railroad station, whence they are shipped to the nearest large city, and then scattered all over the Union. New York takes a large share.

From New York they undergo a further dis-New York takes a large share.
From New York they undergo a further dis-tribution, chiefly throughout the South. A great many are shipped to the West Indies and South America.
It costs the dealers \$75 per car-load from

Portland to New York, and not quite so much from Northern New York to the city. The wholesake dealers sell the trees to re-tailers at 50 to 60 cents a bunch. The bundle contains from two to four trees. One curious feature about these bundles is

One curious feature about these bundles is that they are all sold at nearly the same price, though some bundles may be composed of very fine trees and others of poor ones.

Both wholesale and retail dealers work this little scheme. It is a case of passing it along. So, if one wants a fine-looking Christmass tree he will have to select it himself after it is separated from a bundle. The bundles are tied up artifully. is separated from a bundle. The bundles are tied up artfully. A good many firs grow luxuriantly on one side, while the other may be barren of branches. Two or three trees of this description are tied up together so as to hide these defects, and the purchaser may get badly taken in unless he examines his purchase example.

purchase carefully

purchase carefully.

All is not gold that glitters, and all fir trees are not what they seem when tied up in a bunch.

The trees from the Catskill region are nearly all of this type, growing only on one side. The reason for this is that they are merely offshoots from stumps of large firs which have long since been cut down.

The Christmas tree collectors in the Cats.

The Christmas-tree collectors in the Cats-kills go over the same ground year after year, and some of them send to New York large twigs, which can be dignified by the name of trees only by a vivid stretch of the name of trees only by a vivid stretch of the imagination.

The common height of the Maine trees is from six to fourteen feet, but there are some beautiful specimens to be seen along West street fully thirty feet high and from ten to

The Christmas-tree collectors in the Cats-

street fully thirty feet high and from ten to fifteen inches in diameter.

The handsomest of these giants sell for from \$15 to \$25. They are sold exclusively to churches and buildings sufficiently high ceiled to admit of their standing upright. Bundles of ordinary trees, from six to twelve feet high, are retailed at from \$1 to \$2. A very fine tree can be bought for \$5.

The Germans are the largest purchasers of Christmas trees in the city. The "400" consider the Christmas tree has become vulgar, and the good old custom is almost extinct within their ranks.

Great Holiday Displays of Furniture. Messrs. S. Baumann & Bro., 39 and 41 West Twenty-third street, have the seven floors o their spacious store overflowing with holiday goods. Among these are 300 different designs of mahogany and oak desks, admirably adapted of mahogany and oak desks, admirably adapted for presents; also a full line of handsome shaving stands, polished oak chairs, bookesses of all woods. Turkish chairs, hall stands, settees and many new designs in gilt chairs, with upholstered seats. Superb card tables of all sizes and shapes are to be seen. Imported rugs, screens, fenders and and gold enamelled chairs attract the eye. Then they have chamber and parlor sets of many styles. In short, everything in the way of furniture tending to make a home beautiful and comfortable can be found here.



Is not required to do washing and house-cleaning, when it is done with PEARLINE. With Pearline, a delicate woman can do this hardest of woman's work with comparative ease. She don't have to rub herself or her clothes to pieces when she washes in this new way.

You will find these labor-saving directions on every package, and one trial will convince you that in PEARLINE you have found the most improved means and method for all washing and cleaning. Millions are using it.

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are Beware offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers. IN Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.